SUNDAY AT HOME

Prayer.

Our Father in Heaven, we call ourselves Thy children and learners in the school of Christ. We desire to be like Him of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. And yet, as we think of Him who remained spotless amid all the defilements of earth, and whose whole life was one long act of self-denying service, finding its highest expression in the Cross, we feel that we are yet only feeble beginners in the Christian life. Every day we yield to the lower influences that surround us, and too often are selfish in the spirit of our lives. Help us, our Father, to rise to higher heights that we may breathe a cleaner and a purer air. May we so catch the spirit of our Divine Master, in all gentleness and forgiveness and loving service, that men shall feel in our presence that Christ is not far away. Amen.

Where Heaven Can be Found.

A pastor had preached an eloquent sermon about heaven. A wealthy member of his church met him the next day, and said: "Doctor, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

"Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hilltop yonder. In that cottage there is a member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread.

"Now, if you will go down-town and buy fifty dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them to her, and then go and say: 'My sister, I have brought you these provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour;' ask for a Bible, and read the twenty-third Psalm and then get down on your knees and pray, you will see heaven before you get through."

Darkness.

Before the light there was darkness, original and profound. God walked in the pavilion of darkness. He made thick darkness a swaddling band to hide His treasures. Darkness is about Him still. Who shall write down the deep bass of the ocean, before time swung its pendulum, or light shone on the sea? Dark sayings in the harp, music without words, meanings came before measures. Voices of the dark: how many, how deep, how old! The Ancient of days hath spoken, first and best, and most. "What I say in the darkness" is the grand prerogative of God. There have been noises to mislead the ignorant, but divine articulation comes laden with benediction. "What I say" is for man, not local, national or commercial; not for self-interest, but for self-enlargement, dignified and ennobling. The place of the darkness is private; it is for you first and then for your brother; you may envy, but you must publish. Kings do not know what is coming. Wise men do not know; their knowledge is pale, dim and cold. Good men come first; the wise men had the star; the good men had the angels. There is secrecy and individuality. Each man is a world, and the infinite world touches the finite, and there is contact and communion. His secret is with the righteous, a bound-up secret which none may invade or mutilate. Each man distinct and lonely, shining like a star apart.

The something which we name and cannot know,
Even as we name a star, and only see it,
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
And ever hide him, and which are not He.

This place of meeting is sacred; it was, it is, and always will be; fold within fold, the holy of holies. He hideth Himself not from policy, but from necessity. All that we see are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him; the thunder of His power who can understand?

Empty-minded man asks for a sign. The devout will go into the sanctuary and inquire. The centre of your thinking is in the dark; the region of thought is the very core of the soul. Thought comes out in speech; it beams in the eye, but these are but manifestations; there are no windows to the soul; transactions are done in the dark. In darkness we hide from man, and are then fit for the revelations of God. Who can delineate the compass of the soul?

In the darkness we see the balance of the value of small things; call them not common or unclean. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" The measures of God are great because they have life.

In the dark counsel we learn one secret of the divine order—the secret of separation. "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." "I came to set a man at variance against his father; I came not to send peace, but a sword." This is the way; it is painful, because sin is painful. In this darkness there is sacrificial flame, "for our God is a consuming fire." He burns not only sin, but selfishness. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

This is a dark secret, sacred and holy, and learned only from Him who still says: "What I tell you in the darkness speak ye in the light."

H. T. Miller.

A Girl Seized by a Shark.

Milena Sgambelli, a Dalmatian fisher-girl, was bathing near Zara with other girls when two sharks rushed into the midst of them. Milena ran to the beach, on which she found an iron rod. Seizing this, she rushed boldly into the water again, striking at the sharks with the rod in order to save her companions. She overbalanced herself and fell at full length in the water, when one of the sharks seized her leg in its mouth and bit it off above the knee. Her companions dragged Milena out, but she died from loss of blood.

In this country candidates "run" for office, but in England they "stand" and let the office come to them.

RENTERS' WARNING.

Find a House's Health Record Before You Move In.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Some timely suggestions or hints to persons about to move into new homes are given in the weekly bulletin issued by Dr. Neff, head of the Department of Health and Charities. Every one, he points out, should exercise the greatest care, in changing his domicile, in safeguarding against the contraction of diseases from which former residents of the houses may have suffered. In order to be certain of the cleanliness of the houses the Director suggests that information as to former tenants be sought from his department, and that it would be well to avoid a building recently occupied by a patient suffering from some contagious malady. In his warning the Director says:

No sane person would move into a house where there is a serious nuisance plainly visible to the eye, or where there are foul odors from imperfect or improper drainage, without having the owner correct the trouble; yet a much graver danger, that cannot be detected by the senses, may exist in germs of contagious diseases.

If the room or house has previously been occupied by a person suffering from contagious diseases thorough disinfection should be made before occupancy. Telephone or write to the Bureau of Health, City Hall, where complete records are kept of all contagious diseases reported to the Bureau, and the desired information will be furnished. There will be a few houses where contagious diseases have occurred of which there is no record, owing to failure of physicians to report them, although required to do so by act of Assembly. The responsibility for loss of life from their neglect must be assumed by them. Upon application such dwellings or rooms will be fumigated by the disinfectors of the Department.

The law at present compels plumbers to submit plans for alterations and new buildings to the Drainage Division of the Bureau of Health, and these plans must be duly approved before any work is done. A similar law should be passed governing the rental and sale of houses, compelling the insertion in the lease or deed of a clause, protecting the purchaser or lessee from these evils. Renters should demand from real estate agents and owners a certificate to the effect that the house has been examined by the health officials and that it is in good sanitary condition and free from contagion.

Tuberculosis germs under favorable conditions, such as the absence of light, live for a long time after the room has ceased to be occupied by a person suffering with consumption. A great many cases of consumption are contracted by healthy people moving into apartments that had previously been occupied by a person suffering with the disease. As an illustration, in February, 1907, the chairman of the committee of a certain home for incurables where consumption is treated wrote to the Department that during the preceding few years about 25 applications from consumptives for admission to the home were received from certain houses located on Monroe street, from Second to Fifth—a larger number than had been received during that period from any other street in the city. A list of these houses was obtained, and all were thoroughly disinfected. Since that time there has not been a single application filed from any of these houses.

FALLING SICKNESS

Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles, Etc., positively cured by LIEBIG'S FIT CURE. Free trial bottle sent free on application. Write the LIEBIG CO., Phoebe St., Toronto.

COCKTAIL WITH A ZOO.

Most Terrific of All Tipples Is Discovered in the Bay State.

Here comes Massachusetts with a drink that will make the jim-jam connoisseurs sit up on their hind legs and take notice. Hoboken has its Jersey lightning that never strikes twice in the same spot. North Carolina has its mountain dew mixed with storms and sunsets. Kentucky has its Bourbon that is so courageous that they say it will make a rabbit sit up and spit in a hound dog's face.

But, considering it is a prohibition town, Brockton, Mass., certainly has distinguished itself by its cocktails, says the Baltimore Sun. One William Havot, who enjoys the cup that cheers and doesn't give a hang whether it inebriates or not, was arraigned in the Taunton police court for getting extremely funny and picturesque on the public streets. Wherefore William explained thus:

"I drank four Brockton cocktails and on my way home I looked up and saw a herd of elephants flying on pink wings, with baby blue ears, one eye and pink patches. When they lit on the telegraph wires and began to dance I got excited and when I came to I was in the station. Never again."

We will leave it to competent judges in Maine and Georgia to decide if Brockton doesn't come close to the record for a prohibition town.

Those Brockton cocktails must be like a Highland Holler, mixed with Virginia Vision and a Southern Scream.

There is No Color Line in Brazil.

Of the various manifestations of atmospheric laxity none is more interesting to a North American than the haziness of the color line. This land of coffee and sunshine is a land tinged with African blood. Of the seventeen and a half millions of people in the country only six millions are whites. There were 750,000 slaves in Brazil when the Princess Regent emancipated them in 1887, and there are neighborhoods where the negro problem is a problem only, in so far as life may be a problem to Africans in their native jungles. You go ashore, for instance, to buy cigars at Bahia. It was a great place in the old slave days, before the centre of industry moved down to Sao Paulo, is a fine place still, with its tall stage-scenery buildings, painted white or pinkish or pale blue, the fronts—an echo of the Dutch visitation of long ago—often decorated with tiles. You climb the narrow winding streets to the upper town, looking out on the turquoise sea. Everywhere are negroes—huge women, with enormous chocolate-colored arms, in white cotton wrappers and turbans. They come swinging down the cobblestones, squat beside their fruits and green parrots, lean out of the ground-floor windows smoking fat black cigars. Try to take a photograph of one and her broad, shining face clouds over with fear of the unknown, and up goes her apron over her head. In the cool interiors of these houses with spotless patios and doorways, white folks doubtless must be hiding from the sun, but one scarcely sees them. Eighty per cent. of the inhabitants are negroes. You feel as though you were walking through a deserted white man's city held by a black army of occupation.

About one-third of Rio's population are negroes. From blacks who might have been landed from a slave ship yesterday the African tinge fades out through every gradation of mixed blood up to that of the cultured whites of the ruling class.—From "Brazil—Where the Coffee Comes From," by Arthur Ruhl, in the June Scribner.

STAIN OF THE CIGARETTE.

It is the Manner of Holding That Causes It.

In a recent County Court action, says the London Tatler, it was stated as evidence of the debtor's means that he was evidently a persistent smoker. The judge, however, refused to listen to this novel story. All smokers, of course, know that the unsightly stains caused by cigarettes are not due so much to excessive smoking, as to the manner in which the cigarette is held in the fingers.

If the cigarette when not between the lips is held with the lighted end downward three or four cigarettes a day are sufficient to leave their marks on the fingers of the smoker. The man, however, who always holds his cigarette with the lighted end upward may smoke as many as 20 a day without discoloring his fingers. All artists and most chess players who happen to be cigarette smokers invariably hold their cigarettes with the lighted end down, and consequently seem to smoke far more than is actually the case.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

SMALL ENGLISH PARISHES.

Only a Dozen Inhabitants in One; in Another Only Two Houses.

Probably few people know that England contains a number of parishes so small that their population can be housed under one or two roofs.

For instance, Upper Eldon, near Stockbridge, consists of two houses, which with an eleventh century church and a tiny "God's Acre" in the middle of a farm yard adjoining one of the dwellings comprise the whole parish. Not much larger is the population of Lullington, five miles from Eastbourne. Small as the church is—the interior dimensions are only sixteen feet square—it is quite large enough for the inhabitants.

In Grove, near Lighton Buzzard, there are only about a dozen inhabitants, the parish containing a modern farmhouse, two cottages and a tiny church. At Rhyd, in Flintshire, while there are only three adult inhabitants, the village contains five cottages and one shop. Till recently there were two licensed houses, one of which still remains.—Tit-Bits.

The Players.

We are the players of a play
As old as earth,
Between the wings of night and day,
With tears of mirth.

There is no record of the land
From whence it came,
No legend of the playwright's hand,
No bruited fame.

Of those who for the piece were cast
In the first night,
When God drew up His curtain vast
And there was light.

Before our eyes as we come on
From age to age,
Flare up the footlight of the dawn
On this round stage.

In front, unknown, beyond the glare
Vague shadows loom;
And sounds like muttering winds are there
Foreboding doom.

Yet wistfully we keep the boards;
And as we mend
The blundering forgotten words,
Hope to the end.

To hear the storm-beat of applause
Fill our desire
When the dark Prompter gives us pause
And we retire.

—Bliss Carman.

White Native Africans.

It is, I think, one of the most astounding facts in the history of man that a man was able to contain within his mind, to conceive, the conception of the Sphinx, says Robert Hichens in Century. That he could carry it out in the stone is amazing. But how much more amazing it is that before there was the Sphinx he was able to see it with his imagination! One may criticize the Sphinx. One may say impertient things that are true about it; that seen from behind at a distance its head looks like an enormous mushroom growing in the sand; that its cheeks are swelled inordinately; that its thin-lipped mouth is legal, that from certain places it bears a resemblance to a prize bulldog. All this does not matter at all. What does matter is that into the conception and execution of the Sphinx has been poured a supreme imaginative power. He who created it looked beyond Egypt, beyond the life of man. He grasped the conception of eternity, and realized the nothingness of Time, and he rendered it in stone.

Enthusiasm.

The Barnstormer—Great reception we had in Podunk! Great audience! I got a curtain call!

The Other Fellow—Fine! Did the audience ask you to come out?

The Barnstormer—Ask me? Why, naw, they dared me!

ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS BABY

Mrs. M. Barrett, 60a Morgan St., Montreal, says:

"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk

When I get Into Bed.

I'm never frightened in the dark,
Though I am very small;
I never sit all scared, and hark
For ogres in the hall.
But when my prayers are said
I have one awful dread,
That something waits to grab my toes
When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things
Each time I get undressed;
And how each day no evil brings
If children do their best.
But the thought comes in my head,
As I'm turning down the spread,
That something's going to grab my toes
When I climb into bed!

And when there's nothing more to do,
With bed clothes open wide,
It makes me shiver through and through
A-trying to decide
Which foot shall go ahead,
'Cause I'm sure I'd tumble dead
If something ever grabbed my toes
As I got into bed.

—Burges Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

The English Way.

You get into your morning second-class compartment on the S. E. & C. Railway to come up to the office. You meet in the main the same nine other men every day. You do this for months, nay, years; but you never speak. If you venture to make the bad, bold, rash experiment, you are frozen to death with a look as if to say, "What the deuce do you mean by speaking to me?"—Grocer's Assistant.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN

This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and aboveboard."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick woman are asked to write?

Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?

Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

What It Did for a Scotchman in Calcutta During Plague.

On the door leading into the private office of the treasurer of one of the Hartford banking institutions may be seen by all comers a plain white card, on which are these two words: "Keep Smiling."

Ask the treasurer the significance of the placard, and he will say simply: "Just keep smiling. That makes everything easy. That's what smiles are for. A good, unfeigned, sincere smile is a veritable battering-ram to knock hard things out of the way. Sometimes I smile out loud, all to myself, when I run against anything hard; and the invitation is out to whoever enters my door. I take it that people will smile as they read the card, and I want them to continue the act while in here!"

He tells of a visitor who came to see him last winter, a Scotchman, who had served in India in the army. "My dear sir," said the visitor, "I am greeting that legend heartily. Many years ago, when the plague was raising I was in Calcutta, and sick. The hospitals were full, and with other patients I was lying in a shed, a very sick man. On each side of me a poor chap had died, when a man came around with one of the doctors to measure the bodies. As they finished the second fellow's measurement they looked at me, and the man said: 'Three of 'em, heigh?" and whipped out his tape measure at my side. In spite of all effort, I could only stare. To save my life I couldn't speak or move. All I could do was to smile, and I just smiled. Instead of the measuring line I was given better attention, and recovered. The smile did it! That's right! 'Keep smiling!'"—Hartford Times.

DR. HUNT'S BUST DEVELOPER

Will develop your bust from two to three inches in a very short time.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Price $1.00, express prepaid.
The Edward's Medicine Company,
611 Bathurst Street,
Toronto, Ont.

How One Farmer Does It.

A farmer wrote as follows to his home newspaper: "When I am ready to sell my stuff I insert a little advertisement in the local paper telling the people what I have to sell, and if live stock, how many head of each and when they will be ready to ship. The result has been that the buyers are right after me, either personally or by mail, and naturally I always get the highest price. If I want to buy a cow, a steer, a horse, or a dozen of each, I insert a little ad. that costs me maybe 25 or 30 cents, and instead of travelling over the country inquiring of my neighbors who have this or that for sale, the newspaper does it for me at less expense, and those who have what I want manage to let me know in some way. I save the time and expense of travelling aimlessly about and get a better selection to choose from."—News-Times, Marion, Ill.

Fun for the Boy.

The parents of a Baltimore lad, a pupil in one of the public schools, are fond of boasting that their hopeful has never missed a day's attendance at school during a period of eleven years.

On one occaion the proud father was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measles, hooping cough and so on?" the father was asked.

"O, yes."

"How, then, could he have always been at school?"

"The fact is," explained the father, "he always had 'em during the holidays."—Harper's Weekly.

The Judge of the Land.

"But these poems appear to be mediocre," remarked the blunt editor, "they are secondclass."

"I'll leave it to the highest authority in the land that they are first-class," retorted the pretty verse scribbler, indignantly.

"Indeed, miss. And may I ask whom you consider the highest authority in the land?"

"Why, Uncle Sam. Doesn't he charge me 2 cents an ounce for all the poems I send out? Isn't that first-class matter?"—Chicago News.

Thought He Could Buy Them Cheap.

Elderly German (of the Weber and Field Type, as he calls at a lodging house door)—"Gind lady, I saw, yes, der advertisement in der evening paper dat you have a pair of pajamas to sell, yes?"

Boarding-house Mistress (indignantly)—"Pajamas! You old fool, do you think this is a department store? Where is the advertisement?"

The German (producing the advertisement and reading it aloud)—"For sale, von almost new bedroom suit, cheab! Gall and see it.'"—From the January Bohemian.

Telescoped Voices.

Many excellent voices are ruined, according to a communication which Dr. Weiss has made to the French Academie du Medecine, by practicing in too small a room. A public singer must throw every intonation of his voice a distance of 30 or 40 yards, he says, but a student practising in a small room is only able to throw it a yard or two and the consequence is that the voice, instead of expanding, becomes telescoped.

Ruthless Treatment.

"What makes you think that young man dislikes music?"

"The manner in which he whistles a tune."—Washington Star.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

A Misunderstanding.

A Manila mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband, and one day, when she again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstep.

"I suppose George has left you," she sniffed.

"Yes." (Sob.)

"Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes." (Sob.)

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"You." (Sob.)

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I am sure I never gave him any encouragement."—Philippines Gossip.

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco

A new sensation. A real pleasure. The big black plug.

2270

QUININE IN ITALY.

State Sells It and Uses the Profit to Fight Malaria.

The sale of quinine in Italy is carried on in a peculiar fashion. The Government sells the drug to the peasants in malarious districts and then uses the profit to fight malaria.

The first aim is to protect the peasants from mosquitoes. But it is almost impossible to get them to take care of the wire screens which are given them for their houses.

As for their wearing veils and gloves when they go abroad, as they are urged by the authorities to do, anybody who knows the Italian peasants can guess how many of them will do it.

The Government has therefore to depend chiefly on draining and filling up the pools where mosquitoes breed and on what is called bonificamento, or the improvement of the land in various ways. Last year the Government sold to the peasants about $300,000 worth of quinine, with a net profit of about $75,000.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time, and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Degrees of Madness.

After a theatrical performance in a madhouse a party of actors were shown over the establishment by the director. They saw a lunatic disconsolately sitting alone on a bench. "That," said the director, "is an unhappy man who went mad for love of a woman who jilted him and married another." "He looks quiet enough," an actress observed. The party moved on, and came to the dangerous patients. In an iron-barred cage a lunatic, raving mad, was behaving like a wild beast. "That," said the director, "is the man she married."—London Telegraph.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A Winning Bet.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another, until he had reached number fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered halt audibly to each:

"I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another; and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Mary and the Kitten.

Little Mary was playing with her pet kitten. The kitten scratched her, and she exclaimed, "You is a darned old kitty!"

Her mother told her she must never utter such a naughty word again; and to be sure to impress it on her mind washed her mouth out with soap and water.

The next day Mary was again playing with the kitten, and again trouble arose, when she was heard to remark:

"You is just the same kind of a kitten you was yesterday!"—The Delineator.

ISSUE NO. 37, 1908

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—ABSOLUTELY NEW household article; great seller. R. P. Hall & Co., West Toronto, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FARMS IN MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN and Alberta; improved and wild. Get our list, it's free. Write us. E. S. Miller, Limited, No. 217 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.

A GOOD INVESTMENT — OKANAGAN fruit land is a money maker. Beautiful scenery, productive orchards, ideal climate. For illustrated literature write to Mutrie & Mutrie real estate, Vernon, B.C.

FRUIT FARM—BARGAIN; 25 ACRES; $7,500.00; good buildings; sandy loam; all kinds of fruit; close to city. Box 208, St. Catharines, Ont.

EDUCATIONAL.

ATTEND THE LARGEST, BEST EQUIPped business school in Canada for best results; that school is the Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard, Toronto. Catalogue free.

Sagacity of Rats.

The average rat possesses extraordinary sagacity. On a sailing ship bound for Calcutta from Capetown some years ago it was decided to try to reduce the number of rats which had boarded the vessel at the latter port. The end of an ordinary cask was planed perfectly smooth, coated with grease, and a meat bait tacked in the centre. The end was fixed on with two nails, balanced so that should anything touch it off the centre it would go down. The cask was partly filled with water and buried in the ballast to within a few inches of the top. The first night more than two hundred rats were caught, the second night few, and the third night none were caught. It was found by the marks of rats' feet in the grease and the missing bait that they had discovered the exact centre and took the bait as they liked. Half an inch on either side of the centre meant death.—Kansas City Star.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

A RESOURCEFUL OCULIST.

Has a Blind Beggar Woman to Advertise His Business.

Enterprise takes various forms, even in Warsaw. A young oculist, finding that patients were few and far between, hit upon an original means of advertising.

He engaged a blind woman who sits and begs by the Church of the Holy Cross to hold a light board whereon are written his name, address, professional qualifications and consultation hours.

As the church is in the busiest thoroughfare of the town the notice attracts a good deal of attention. The beggar herself says she is quite satisfied with the results, as many people notice her who would otherwise pass by, and as the doctor has added his assurance that she is hopelessly blind, benevolent old ladies throw coppers into her tin mug, sure that their money is not wasted on an imposter. It is not yet known whether the number of patients has increased.—Warsaw correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Only the choicest selected hill-grown tea leaves are used in "Salada" Tea, giving it a delicate fragrance and delicious flavor.

Before the Duel.

Two Parisians who had arranged to fight a duel happened to meet at the station from which they were to journey to the rendezvous. At the booking office the first duellist asked for a return ticket. "A single one for me," said the other. Whereupon the first remarked with a sneer: "So you are afraid you won't come back again?" "No," was the quiet retort, "I always take the return half from the fallen man's pocket."—London News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Long Married.

There is a son of Erin in this town who is quite a character. He has a number of children, and was asked one day how long he had been married.

"Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and Norah thirty five, that makes sivinty-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make"—Quebec Telegraph.

No Share in the Fun.

"What are you crying for, my little boy?"

"Boo-hoo! Pa fell downstairs!"

"Don't take on. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffin'!"—Answers.

"The Crimp and the Consequence"

Is the title of a Mighty Interesting Little Booklet on Washboards, that has Just Been Issued.

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